DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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HUMAN TREES OF INDIA.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

All those who feel a sufficient interest in the subject to study or notice the facts must at times be struck with amazement at the wonderful resemblance of certain insects and other animals to vegetable and inanimate objects. So exact is this resemblance in some instances as to deceive the most experienced. Wallace, the great naturalist, was very anxious to secure a specimen of a certain brilliant butterfly, but was unable for some time to capture one on account of the creature's sudden unaccountable and mysterious disappearance. He finally discovered that the outside of this insect's wings was an exact representation of a leaf. When the butterfly alighted upon a shrub and closed its wings it completely deceived even this experienced scientist. Some species of lobsters found at Bermuda so closely resemble submarine stones, even to the coating of sea weeds, that I have passed by an aquarium containing them supposing the tank to be uninhabited. The common katydid, whose constantly-repeated notes, late in summer, warn us of the approaching frosts, has a representative in South America, whose wings not only resemble a green leaf, but, to add to the deception, the tips of the wings are ragged and discolored, having the exact appearance of a leaf that has been disfigured from the attacks of caterpillars. I once had one in my studio, and it was with great difficulty that I could convince visitors that it was not an artificial insect with wings made of real leaves. In the snow covered regions of the North the foxes, hares, bears, and birds, with very few exceptions, assume the prevailing white color of the surrounding objects. Man has not been blind to these hints. There are various tribes of savages who successfully imitate stumps and stones by remaining immovable in crouching positions so as to baffle their pursuers.

HUMAN TREES OF INDIA.—BHEEL ROBBERS IN HIDING.

This mimicry is carried to a wonderful degree of perfection in India, that strange country, as Dr. Latham says, "of a teeming, ingenious, and industrious but rarely independent population. It is a country of an ancient literature and ancient architecture," and, he might have added, of a modern degradation. A country where such a society as the murderous thugs is possible; a country where robbers are educated from childhood for the profession in which they take great pride, openly boasting of their skill. One of our most skilful and adroit bank robbers would be considered by these India experts but a bungling amateur. The scientific manner in which these robbers prepare for their raids shows a thorough knowledge of the dangers of their calling, and the best guards against the same, choosing darkness for their forays. When their dusky bodies are least observable they remove their clothes, anoint themselves with oil, and with a single weapon, a keen-edged knife suspended from their neck, creep and steal like shadows noiselessly through the darkness. If detected, their greasy and slippery bodies assist them in eluding capture, while their razor-bladed knife dexterously severs the wrist of any detaining hand. But the most ingenious device to escape capture is that shown by the Bheel robbers in the accompanying illustration. It often happens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles over the plain, covering them with their round shields so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they snatch up a few sticks, throw their bodies into a contorted position, and stand or crouch immovable until their unsuspicious enemies have galloped by.

When all is safe they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way.

The Rev. J. D. Woods gives an interesting account of these marvellous mimics. I quote the following:

"Before the English had become used to these manœuvres, a very ludicrous incident occurred. An officer, with a party of horse, was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers, and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees; and the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter, and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became metamorphosed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy."—*Scientific American.*

THE BEETLE AND FROG.

I once saw a life-and-death struggle between two apparently very unequal opponents—a frog and a beetle. As I was standing near the cellar window, which was below ground, and protected by an iron grating, I noticed in the area below it a large frog, which, at regular intervals of one or two minutes, leaped from one side o inclosure to the other. I loo closely, and saw that it was each lowed by a black beetle, that backward and forward, not seem discouraged when the frog, every reached it, jumped back over its he so escaped. It was evidently a t strength and perseverance between and I was anxious to see which give in. They went on, howe a long time that I grew tired them, and went away. The ne as I was again passing, I looked area to see what had been the resu struggle, and, strange to say, it was still on; the beetle deliberately hunting its vi tim, which, whenever they were about to meet, escaped by a great leap to the other side of its prison. Not until that evening did it end: then the poor frog, tired out, and too much exhausted to make any resistance, became the prey of its enemy, and no doubt furnished it meals for many a day.

As there were a good many rats about the out-houses and wood stacks, professional rat-catchers used to come once or twice a year, with their dogs and ferrets, and were paid according to the number they killed. Once when our gardener was assisting at the work of destruction he pulled one of the ferrets out of a hole, where it had been killing a brood of young rats. The poor mother, who had probably just returned from an expedition in search of food for her young ones, rushed out after the ferret, ran up the man's leg, on to his shoulder and down his arm, quite blind to her own danger, and only desirous to reach the object of her vengeance in his hand.—*Harper's Young People.*

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.

A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who had always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favorite, but on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room! After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the slightest injury.

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY [illegible] AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

[tional Temperance Society, New York.]

CHAPTER III.—KATE.

[illegible] was past midnight when Ben White was [illegible] n his sound sleep by a loud knock- [illegible] nter door. The patient wife had [illegible] r weary head upon her hands as [illegible] on the table before her. Now [illegible] up, with a wild, anxious expres- [illegible] nbolted the door.

[illegible] with a weak, unsteady step that [illegible] ber put his foot on the threshold, [illegible] was a solemn earnestness in his face [illegible] ness in his utterance that assured [illegible] this time, at least, he had escaped [illegible] liar temptation.

[illegible] r wife, thank God! I am safe at home [illegible]

[illegible] wife!"

[illegible] since Kate had such a greeting [illegible] band, and her heart throbbed [illegible].

[illegible] are very wet, Harry, and cover- [illegible], too," she said; "and how pale [illegible]

[illegible]," he answered solemnly, "I have [illegible] almost a dead man, and I can hardly [illegible]elieve now that I am safe and sound standing here by you once more."

Harry told in a rapid, earnest way all that had befallen him, tracing back the pictures of his life as they had passed before him, stopping now and then as he was choked with emotion.

It was in vain that Ben White stirred and half rose on the settee. No notice was taken of him, and he finally sank back and tried to compose himself again to sleep.

"Kate," said Harry, after a pause, "I can not tell you how I have suffered all these wicked years. I seem to be no longer my own master. The devil has me bound soul and body. Many a time I have thought to get free, and could not. I must go on till death strikes me, and then—that awful hereafter!"

Here Harry covered his face with his hands and shuddered.

"I see what I am before God. How He must hate and despise me! Think what I have brought you to and the children. Why, Joe is afraid of his own father. I can see it in his way every time he looks at me."

"But we love you," said Kate tenderly. "We don't feel hard toward you. God is a great deal more merciful than we are; and, if you want to be forgiven, you need only ask Him. For the sake of the Lord Jesus, He will hear you."

"But I can't ask Him. I am not fit, and He knows it. Then it is of no use for me to try to be better. I must just go on till I am like a horrid brute, to lie down and die in the gutter. I tell you, Kate," and there was a fierce look in Harry's eyes, "I tell you, there's a devil, not outside of me, but inside of me, and it will have drink. It must have drink. Oh, that I had never tasted it! Oh, that a drop of it had never touched my lips! Now, there's no help. Have you any in the house, Kate? Just one drink would cure me of this tremble."

"Harry," said Kate earnestly, "stop; hear me for a moment. When the Lord Jesus was on earth, they brought Him men possessed with devils. Their friends brought them, when the poor creatures could do nothing for themselves, and the Lord spoke to those cruel devils, and they came out of the men and left them to worship God and lead a new life. Come, we will kneel down together here where we are, and I will ask God to help you, and you join in if you can. You have never tried that. God made you. He knows just how your soul and body are put together, and how your soul wants to do right and your body won't let it. He can help you. You know the Lord Jesus once had a body too, though He never let it do wrong. You know He suffered, being tempted. Come, we will ask Him to take away this dreadful thirst, or else help you to resist it."

Harry let Kate draw him down to his knees. His heart followed her, though his lips were silent, while she asked the tender, compassionate Jesus to pity her poor husband, and set him free from the awful habit that seemed like a devil within him. But not alone for that she prayed. She brought the humbled penitent beside her in faith to her heavenly Father. She confessed for him the sins of a lifetime, and then claimed the promise, that, though his sins were as scarlet, they should be as white as snow through the blood of Jesus. What he dared not ask for himself, she asked for him—asked of the Lord, who had long been her beloved friend and comforter, her stay and trust.

Harry followed the eager, earnest words of his wife with a yearning, but almost hopeless heart; but as she pleaded for him, speaking to God as if He loved the poor drunkard beside her and longed to save him, a glimmer of light broke in upon his soul. Yes, the thief on the cross was saved—why might there not be hope for him? The Christ who raised the dead could raise him up to newness of life.

(To be Continued.)

WILLIE OR GEORGE?

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"My own precious brother going to die—die!—leave us! leave me! Never, never see him again! Can't you do something, doctor?"

"I've done all I can—all any one can, my poor child. I must tell you the whole truth, for you will soon see it: your brother is very near his end, and—"

"Oh! don't say it, don't, Dr. Maxwell; you must not—you shall not; we will not let him die. It would kill mother. What would we do without precious Willie?" And throwing herself upon the lounge, the heart-broken sister gave way to a flood of tears. Her moans were heard in the room where her brother Willie was sweetly breathing his life out on the bosom of an unseen Friend. He was full of peace—and above the sobs and groans of waiting ones, he would break forth in singing as though he was about to join the heavenly choir. Stopping from failing strength, he called for his sister Mary, and was answered with her piercing cry of agony from the next room. But she was soon by his side to receive his last tender words, commending her to Jesus, whose grace is promised his own sorrowing ones in every time of need. Lifting a last sweet trusting look to father, mother, brother George, his faithful physician, and much-loved pastor, he said: "Blessed Saviour, into thy hands I commit my spirit—" And it was all over: Willie Langston was over on the other shore, singing with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

Mary's hands were unclasped from those of the departed one, and she was gently lifted and carried to her own room and tenderly laid upon her own bed to weep over what seemed to her the most dreadful calamity that could possibly come into their happy home.

"Why did he do it? Take my own precious one away! So good, so beautiful; never was such a brother. O what trouble like this! We were such a happy family. Now this has come. Why was it my brother? Come back, oh come back, Willie."

But Willie was listening to the voice of his Redeemer and the music of "harpers, harping with their harps." What could draw him back to a valley of tears and clouds from

> "A land of pure delight
> Where saints immortal reign?"

Willie will never return to earth until he comes with the Lord, descending the skies "with ten thousand of his saints."

It was in vain that her kind pastor told Mary of Willie's being now at rest in glory, and that he was all ripe for heaven, and wanted so much to be where the Saviour reigns; that this world is not our home, and that in a very little while we all may see dear Willie wearing his crown, if we are faithful unto death; that we can not say what might have happened to Willie if he had stayed here and grown to manhood; so many young men fall into temptation and bring sorrow to their homes, bringing the gray hair of father and mother with sorrow to the grave.

"Oh, nothing so terrible can happen to us as precious Willie's dying. If he could but have lived, I wouldn't have cared if he had been a little fast, if I could only have seen him and been with him, and heard him talk and sing."

"Poor child, I fear you do not know what you are saying. There are worse things than this peaceful death of your brother. You need not weep any more for him or ever be troubled about him, or lie awake nights wondering where he is or what he is doing. He is safe, Mary, safe. Can you be quite sure of that for any living young man? Do you know that nine out of ten go astray, and that it might have—"

"No, no, no, my brother would never have gone astray. I wouldn't have let him. I would have kept him at home, and made it so pleasant for him and been patient with him and watched if anything should have happened. No, no, no," almost shouted the wretched sister in her excitement; "my brother never would have done wrong. I would have lived for him. Oh, I wish I could die with him! What is there to live for now?"

"For your dear, sorrowing parents, Mary, and for your brother George. Willie does not need you any more; George will for years."

And the gentle, faithful minister fell upon his knees before God, and his voice was mingled with the sobs of father and mother and George, entreating so earnestly and persistently. As he closed his prayer, whispered "Amens" came from several voices—none, however, from Mary, who refused to be comforted, or to say in her heart, "The will of the Lord be done," "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Twelve months later, Mary and George were spending the evening across the way with a very dear friend. A few other young people were there. The hours were passing pleasantly by. At ten o'clock "refreshments" were served, a "little" wine among the rest. Her "very dear friend" offered it to Mary. She hesitated a moment; her face crimsoned; she remembered the words of her pastor spoken to her just one year before: "George will need you for years," and her warm statement: "No, no, no, my brother would never have gone astray. I wouldn't have let him. I would have kept him at home * * * and watched * * * and * * * I would have lived for him." She knew that the eyes of several brothers, her own among the rest, were bent upon her and perhaps their eternal fate was hanging upon her taking and tasting or not tasting that wine. But something kept saying: "It's only this once; nobody need drink because you do. Don't make a martyr of yourself. Drink what is set before you, asking no questions. Maybe it is the mildest kind of wine. Are you going to be discourteous to your friend in her own house, and offend her forever, and perhaps make yourself a laughing-stock and do no good to any one?"

She took it and drank it—the confident sister, who "would have watched over her precious Willie," if he only could have lived.

George had never seen wine offered to guests before. He knew how bitterly opposed to its use his parents were. Often had he heard Mary's denunciation of families who dared to offer the intoxicating cup, and her indignant denial of the possibility of her intimate friend's doing that very thing. When he saw his own sister lift that cup to her lips and actually exhaust it with a gay laugh, and even with a fling at "total abstainers," astonishment, shame and confusion seized his mind, and, as in a moment, he reasoned all his former convictions away, and, in imitation of his sister, he grasped the proffered glass, and—liked it. And when the company dispersed that evening, George Langston staggered homeward, his watchful (?) sister trying to steady his steps, though herself just merry enough with the wine to keep her from realizing that a darker shadow was about to cross the home threshold than the death of "precious Willie."

George "liked it." And almost with the first taste, he held out hands, body and soul for King Alcohol to put on his chains. A few months sufficed him to find the den of strong drink and to like the base men who gathered there, and to come reeling home at midnight, cursing his father for keeping him out in the cold so long; cursing his mother for her tears; cursing, sometimes beating, his sister for her reproaches.

Rum made rapid time with a temperament such as George Langston's. Such would it do with some of my young readers if you but step on board this "Black Valley Train" by taking the first glass.

As the months went whirling by, and each night was a night of terror in the Langston home by the coming of a drunkard, his clothes befouled with the filth of gutters from which he had dragged himself; his eyes blood-shot, his words muttering, obscenity, blasphemy, Mary Langston at last understood that the peaceful bed-chamber, where a Christian brother dies in triumph, is one thing, while that of a living maniac brother maddened with rum, is quite another.

"Oh!" groaned the poor girl, on one of those dark nights when a fearful storm was raging without, and in the next room, where Willie had slept in Jesus so lately, the awful screams of delirium tremens were uttered, "Would to God he had died when Willie died, in his beauty and innocence! I thought it was all a calamity then; I found fault with my heavenly Father: I inwardly cursed the doctor for saying he must die, and our faithful minister, who tried to comfort me with the words: 'Taken from the evil to come;' and I almost hated father and mother for saying: 'The will of the Lord be done.' I would not—I could not say 'Amen' to our minister's prayer of resignation. I refused to be comforted. I knew it was all wrong then, that God was cruel, that the shock would kill dear mother. Oh, how blind I was and rebellious; and now—hear him, hear him; what dreadful oaths—and 'You did it—aye, you taught me—you; curses, hell's curses upon my sister—' What does he mean? Who did it? Did what?" cried the terrified Mary, as she sprang into the room of her dying brother.

"There she comes, tempter, destroyer," raved the maniac, at the top of his voice, as he sat up in bed and with clenched fists, hurled bitter curses at his sister. "See me, Mary, I'm doomed! doomed! 'No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaved'—and I'm one; I, George Langston, your brother; and you, you, you," he shouted, "led me astray first. Curses on you!" and he fell back a corpse.

There's a greater calamity than the dying of a child of God. That is but going home to die no more. That greater is the First Glass with the serpent and with its adder at the last.

May our heavenly Father give you grace to say, when he calls from your home a dear one up higher, as did a Christian mother, when looking into the coffin of her darling child: "I wish you much joy, my darling, and to call nothing but sin a calamity.—*Church and Home.*

GOOD HABITS TAUGHT IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The Sunday-school might be made an agent for much greater good than it is. One of the things it might do is to teach boys to avoid the sin of using tobacco. This evil is very widespread throughout the world, and boys are using it more and more, simply from imitation of the wicked example set them by their parents, teachers and companions. If the teachers in all our Sunday-schools would set up a vigorous war against the use of tobacco it might be of some service. This habit is the father of very much drunkenness. When once a lad has strayed into this bad habit he is likely to be drifted on and on by the current until he is past redemption. Perhaps one difficulty in the way of making the Sunday-school of any use in preventing this habit is the fact that far too many of the teachers are themselves slaves to it. The blind cannot lead the blind. Such teachers are only half teachers, giving a stone where they should give bread. As women rarely use tobacco they might take hold of this matter and help to educate the rising generation as they ought to be educated.—*Herald of Health.*

NO MORE DIRECT or powerful testimony to the evil influence of intoxicating drinks could be given in words than is given in the action of the Directors of the Old Colony Railway of Massachusetts, by the adoption of a resolution that, inasmuch as railway accidents are often due to drunkenness on the part of employees, they will not retain or engage any subordinate who is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

TO PARENTS.—The man who is father of a boy and then votes for license, can have the sweet and blessed consolation, if his boy becomes a drunkard, of saying: "The rumseller and I wrought his ruin—the rumseller for gain, and I—well—I—" No reason can be given that will stand the test of an appeal to a debased conscience, let alone anything like an enlightened reason.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LITTLE THINGS—BUT USEFUL.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Some articles that are very palatable when cooked fill the house with such offensive odors while being prepared that one inclines to dispense with their use rather than make the house so uncomfortable. But a little care will remedy this evil almost entirely. For instance, what can be more sickening than the smell of boiling cabbage or turnips? A lump of charcoal put into the boiling water with the cabbage will almost entirely remove the offence; and if a cook can be made to understand that the doors leading to the halls and dining-room from the kitchen must be kept closed, and those leading outdoors, together with the windows, must be open, no one will be annoyed by the fumes from boiling cabbage.

In boiling "greens" the atmosphere all over the house is often tainted with the offensive smell until it seems like a low-class boarding-house. Take a lump of bread as large as a hen's egg, tie it up in a clean cloth and put into the kettle with the greens and it will absorb all troublesome odor.

Housekeepers are often greatly troubled and perplexed by mildew from damp closets and from rust. By putting an earthen bowl or deep plate full of quicklime into the closet the lime will absorb the dampness and also sweeten and disinfect the place. Rats, mice, and many bugs that are apt to congregate in damp places have a dislike to lime. As often as the lime becomes slacked throw it on the compost heap if in the country, or into the ash barrel if in the city.

Often articles of value in polished steel, particularly knives, are left damp, or water is unfortunately spilt upon them. If this is discovered before the rust has eaten through the plating or polished surface it can easily be removed without defacing the article. But if they have lain long unnoticed and the rust has made its way through the surface they must be taken to some manufactory where there is an emery wheel used for polishing, or some jeweller will be able to finish them off as good as new. But in the case of knives and forks they will never be quite as strong, because in removing the rust they must be ground down before repolishing, and will consequently be thinner.

We have lately been informed by an accomplished housekeeper that she does not waste her time in trying all the new moth destroyers or preventives. For years she has used nothing but ground black pepper. She spreads out her blankets and such things as she desires to pack away for winter, and sprinkles them plentifully with fine black pepper, such as she uses on the table. She does not study economy in its use, but, buying it by the pound, sifts it over with an unsparing hand. In the fall it can all be easily shaken out into a sheet, then put into a tightly covered can and kept for the next year. In the fall when needed for daily use, spread the articles on the line, and, imagining that a good chance to sneeze unrestrained is comforting and cheering, give each article a faithful beating. If no dampness has come nigh them while packed away the fine, dry pepper will be easily dislodged and leave no annoyance or disagreeable smell behind, like camphor and the various papers and preparations of carbolic powder. We have been in the habit of using cayenne pepper of late and found it a thorough preventive, but it is very severe on those who use it. The black pepper may be equally effective and far less troublesome.

Since hearing of this moth preventive we found the following, which is well authenticated:

"A lady, called to pack up her woollens and valuables unexpectedly for two or three years' absence, had little time or strength to be over-particular. So she tossed the pepper (black) with random lavishness by the pound through each trunk, box, and bag of bundles, and sending them off to a great storehouse left them there untouched for three years. On her return she found all—wool garments fur-trimmed, and lined articles—perfectly unharmed. Well peppered, and without any extra care, every article is clean, fresh and undamaged. In fact this is the best way in which pepper can be used: better than wearing out the delicate tissues of the stomach by a liberal use in our food. It is, to be sure, useful when put into the shoes on a cold journey, or when the blood needs to be coaxed down to the feet; but in view of the above evidence the chief end of black pepper is to defend mankind from powerful robbers, in form and color so indefinite that even in the matter of identity they are capable of deceiving their most familiar victims."

Now we have great faith in this statement. We have seen that red pepper does do this work thoroughly, and are confident that black pepper will be equally powerful and less painful to the applicant. If housekeepers will give pepper, of any color, a fair trial, we think it will be satisfactory. Certainly a less disagreeable agent than kerosene, which has been largely and satisfactorily tried to protect against moths, but is not a pleasant remedy.

Red pepper plentifully sprinkled in the tracks of rats and mice, thrown into their holes wherever found, and about the places where they have broken through, will most surely drive them away. Their feet are very tender, and if they once walk over such a fiery path they are not inclined to repeat the experiment. Why should not the moth be equally sensitive and sensible?—*Christian Union.*

POLITENESS AT HOME.

There is no good reason why a man should needlessly put his own wife to the trouble of wiping up tracks, when he takes great pains to cleanse his feet before crossing his neighbor's threshold; neither is it consistent that we women should be too severe on our husband and son for a little carelessness, while we assure our caller with the most gracious of smiles that "it isn't of the slightest consequence."

I would not have any one less considerate of those abroad. I hope we all enjoy seeing our husbands and wives polite to our neighbors, only let us be sure to practise our good manners at home.

There are husbands who would hasten to assure a neighbor's wife, who had in her haste burned her biscuits, that they "greatly enjoyed them where they were so nice and brown," who would never think their own wives needed the same consideration.

For my part, I think the laws of politeness are equally binding upon us at home, no unkind language or thoughtless behavior being allowable there, that would not be proper in society. No man can be a gentleman, though ever so genial abroad, who is a tyrant or habitual fault-finder at home: and no woman is a real lady who is not a lady at home in her morning-wrapper as well as in silks in her neighbor's parlor.

One member of a family who begins the day with fretful words and harsh tones, is generally enough to spoil the happiness and temper of the whole for the day. Not all who hear the impatient word give the angry answer, for many choose to suffer in silence; but every such word makes somebody's heart ache, and, as a rule, it is somebody whom we love and would do almost anything for, except to keep back the unkind, sarcastic word.

The life of hurry and overwork many of us live has much to do with our impatience, and if we can do anything to remove the cause, we ought to do it as a matter of duty. I know there are many fathers and mothers upon whom the burdens of life rest so heavily they can hardly get needed sleep. But many times the tired housekeeper and mother might "lighten the ship" a little.

When God sends trouble and care, let us bear it in his strength, but let us be very careful about the unnecessary burdens we take upon our own shoulders. Plain, neat hems, with a cheery-hearted mother, are infinitely better for children than a multitude of tucks and ruffles, with a sad, disheartened mother who has no time to help her family to be wise and good.

Don't let an ambition to outshine our neighbors, or even to have the best kept house and most glittering windows, blind us to the fact that sunshine and cheer are good for body and soul.

Then do not let us make ourselves miserable by borrowing trouble that may never come. We sometimes utterly unfit ourselves for the work of life by anticipating sorrows God never meant us to bear.

"Don't cross a bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old and of excellent wit."

A little time spent judiciously in preventing the causes of sickness in a family, is better than years of waiting over "what might have been" or what may be.

A careful sowing of good seed to-day may save us from reaping a terrible harvest by and by. Never fear that the good Father above will not send all needful discipline, and trust his care, but don't borrow trouble or engage in its home-manufacture.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

INITIALS.

This new and interesting game can be played in several ways, and can be used also in connection with other old games, to which it lends a new charm. Any number of players can join, each one of whom tells the initials of his or her name, which the others can write on a slip of paper if they do not prefer trusting to memory. Each player invents an initial sentence, using the letters of one of the names. This sentence may be humorous or sensible, complimentary or the reverse, and can sometimes be made to fit exceedingly well. As specimens, a few impromptu sentences are given on the actual names of some of the original players: Easter Eggs, Exquisite Elegance, Fairy Prince, Fried Pork, Wilful Negligence, What Nonsense, Serene Truth Triumphs, Saucy Tell-Tale, Goodness Brings Blessings. When all have prepared one or more sentences, the leader begins by addressing any person he pleases with the remark formed upon his initials, and each of the other players follows his example, also using the same letters. This attack is kept up indiscriminately on the person addressed by the leader, until he can answer the person who last addressed him before another of the players can say another sentence in the letters of his name, in which case the others all turn their remarks on the one who has been thus caught. The game then goes merrily on, as shouts of laughter always follow the quick conceits which are sure to be inspired by the excitement of the game. As a specimen of the way in which it can be applied to an old game, "Twirl the Platter" has a new interest when the players are called out by initial sentences, as the effort to discover one's own name in some obscure remark made by the twirler, in order to catch the platter before it ceases to spin, keeps every player on the alert.—*Harper's Young People.*

FRENCH BEDS.

When I was settled in my home in Paris, in a hotel as quaint as the one in Rouen, I had leisure to examine these delightful beds. The springs are of any pattern you choose; but they are always set into these stationary bed alcoves; the first mattress is filled with bareek, a dried seaweed, that retains the indescribable faint fresh odor of the sea; above this is laid the true bed, which is always made of carded wool. Every autumn, usually in the early part of September, these beds are ripped open, the covers are carefully repaired and washed; the wool is taken to the Seine, scoured thoroughly, and placed to dry on the banks of the river; then it is brought home; old women who make the work a profession card them with old-fashioned hand cards—such as we still find in remote country places in the United States—and card the wool into the most delicate fineness; then they replace it in the mattress, cover and tack it in place with long needles and stout threads. The whole mattress is so light that any child can carry it.

The pillows are made invariably of down, or of feathers which have been stripped from the pens. Both pillows and mattresses are sunned and aired every day. But it is this yearly cleaning with soap, water and sunshine that makes a French bed so sweet and so inviting. Nothing is more picturesque than the groups of women and girls in the costumes of their different pays, congregated on the banks of the Seine, right in the heart of Paris, particularly on the south shore near Notre Dame, washing the great fleeces and laying them to dry on the gravelly banks—for the Seine is low in the autumn—their many voices making the scene still gayer as they turn to answer the salutations of some passing ouvrier in the great white hat and blouse of a mason, or a swarthy *chocolatier* with his velvet-covered urn on his back, hurrying up to vend his cups at the flower markets.—*Herald of Health.*

LEARNING TO COOK.

A judicious mother will so manage her daughters that even at the early age of 13 they can, in an emergency, prepare "a meal of victuals." A thorough domestic training is very useful to a girl. At school, she always has a teacher or a fellow pupil at hand to help her over hard places, but if she is set to make a batch of bread herself, and attend to it from the time the sponge is set till the loaves are taken, sweet, fragrant, golden-brown, from the oven, she learns meantime chemistry, caloric, perseverance, delicate manipulation, self-reliance, neatness, and acquires skill and the habit of carrying her work in her mind, as one act of neglect or forgetfulness at any po[int] the process may spoil the whole. Be[ing] unwise mothers do not see in th[is] performance by their [chil]dhold services a certain [val]which cannot be acquir[ed] willing to do themselves w[ith] kindness to their daughte[rs] quire of them. Girls' [ser]vices waste a great de[al] be utilized to their [own] can climb trees, who c[an] out fatigue, or jump a[ny] ous pastime by the wa[y] walks, who can ska[te] sweep, and scrub, and [wash] and iron, if she i[s] These are the a[ccom]possess in order [that] though she may hav[e] at her call. Those curiosity to investigate that many of the most [useful] literature and art were as s[ome] accomplishments considered spec[ial] were with the pen or pencil or training girls to be useful, and [to] meet any emergency, mothers co[uld] them an inestimable blessing.—*Selected.*

THE BEST GIFTS.

The mother who hurries her little boy off to school that he may be "out of the way," and then sits patiently at embroidering his clothes for days together is not giving herself to her child. She is merely gratifying her own tastes in his dress while neglecting that cultivation of his mind and heart that she of all persons should be most capable of perfecting. The forming of right habits within him—habits of thought, of amiability, of observation, of politeness, of veracity—is vastly more important than the decoration of his clothing. Yet many mothers will protest that they have not time for this kind of work, while they do find time for a thousand trifles. This is no objection to the elaborate clothing, if other things are equal, but we are speaking of gifts intrinsically costly. The mother who plants the seeds of intelligence, of honor, of virtue, of nobility of character, of obedience to law, in the heart of her child, gives him the costliest gifts in her power to bestow. These she cannot give him without at the same time giving him herself.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

SODA IN COOKING.—W. Harne says, in *The Country Gentleman:* "I would certainly discard soda in any form, and every preparation of so-called baking powder, also. Ask your doctor; ask those acquainted with the properties of saleratus, cream of tartar, &c., and if they are honest they will tell you these things are not fit to mix into our food at all, under any circumstances. In conversation with a doctor a day or two ago, I asked his opinion of the use of the various baking powders. He said the women will have the stuff, and therefore the purer it can be made the better. He admitted the bad effects of using this poison. (It is a poison when used in our food, and is even worse than a good, quick poison.) I recommend no substitute; but recommend, as I have often done, good, sweet butter, eggs, milk and cream, and a good cook, always without the salts in question. We have quite enough to do to digest the rich cakes, pies, and the many other superfluous, unwholesome and unnecessary things now so common, even among the hard working and otherwise healthy mechanics.

SEED WAFERS.—One-half pound of sugar; one-quarter pound of butter, creamed with the sugar; four eggs beaten very light; enough flour for soft dough; one ounce caraway seeds, mixed with the dry flour. Mix well; roll into a very thin paste. Cut into round cakes, brush each over with the white of an egg, sift powdered sugar upon it, and bake in a brisk oven about ten minutes, or until crisp. Do not take them from the baking-tins until nearly cold, as they are apt to break while hot.

ONLY BUTTONS!

CHAPTER III.

The boys wandered slowly on, carrying Tom's basket between them, and settling that, when they caught him up, they would go hom[illegible]r John said it was get[illegible]nd William, though admirer of *Master-*
Robinson Crusoe, heroes, was quite [illegible]ree with John, being [illegible]id boy.

[illegible] heard a scream [illegible]llen stones; then only by the rust-[illegible]nd the They [illegible]ther's [illegible]oke. [illegible]whis-

Tom!"
[illegible]nought of
[illegible]y he set off
followed close-
[illegible]he others.
[illegible]y jumped out on
[illegible]e road, and ran on
they came to the quarry, where, lying in one corner, they saw a little dark heap. William now began to cry, and Fred would have said something had not John's white face and determined manner stopped him.

"Go down to the mill and fetch some one."

And with a crumpled bunch of oxlips in his hand they lifted poor little Tom into the miller's cart, and carried him home to Cricklade.

That was a sad day for Tom, poor boy! he was very ill for a long time. For several days he lay quite still, not speaking a word, and staring about him as if he saw nothing, until one afternoon he said,—

"I don't think Buttons would have caught that rabbit, mother."

She gave a great start, for she had never once thought about the little dog; she had quite forgotten he was not there: indeed she could remember nothing but the sight of that cart driving up to her door that soft April afternoon. She guessed what Tom was talking about, for John had told her exactly what had happened; "but," she thought, "what will he do when he comes to himself and does not find Buttons anywhere?"

With tears in her eyes she begged John to tell her what she ought to do.

"Shall I offer a reward?"

"No; it would be of no use," John said, for she could not say where Buttons had last been seen.

What could have become of him? Perhaps he was stolen by some of the excursion-folks? And with great misgivings she prepared to tell Tom the sad news when he got stronger.

"I don't know whatever he will do," she said; "he will take on so, for he doted on that little dog!"

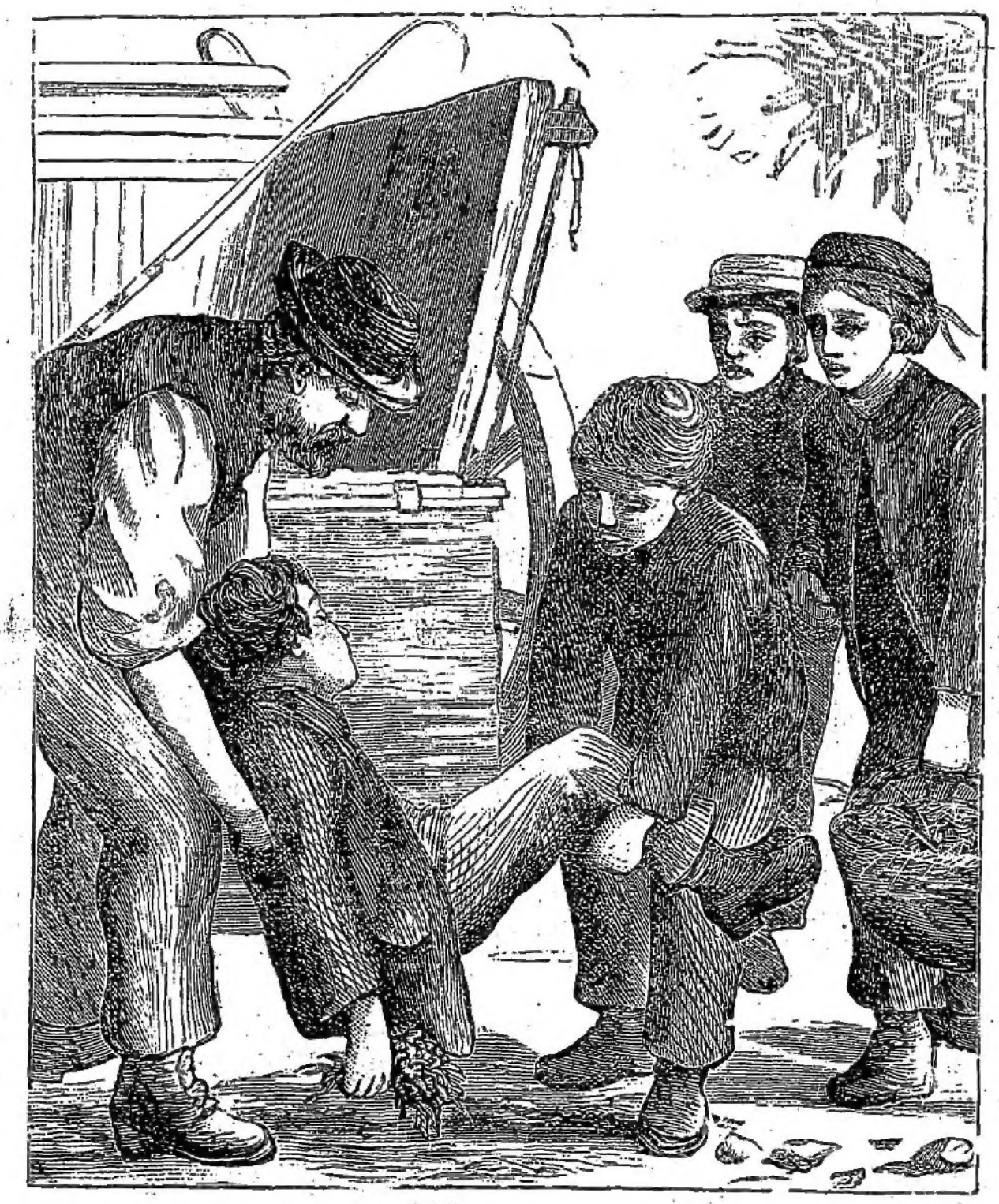
At last the question came. The little head had ceased to whirl, the bright eyes have lost that vacant stare, and Tom knows that he is lying in his own bed, with a bruised body and two broken ribs. Thank God it is not worse!

"Mother, will you fetch Buttons, please?" asked the little, weak voice. "I do want to see him so badly. Indeed he won't hurt me," Tom added, as he watched his mother's lips preparing to say "No."

"Not to-day, dear child; another day," she said, and she went hastily out of the room, that she might not see the little face grow long and the bright eyes get dim. But, of course, this answer of hers could not satisfy Tom for long. Before many days were over Tom knew the truth, which she was obliged to tell him. His grief was terrible to see.

"Buttons! Buttons!" was all he could say, burying his face under the bed-clothes, and crying as if his heart would break. "Buttons, where can you be? Oh, do come back to me; I am so unhappy without you! Just when I wanted you most, and you would have curled yourself up beside me all day on my bed! Oh, Buttons! Buttons! where can you have gone?" And the poor little fellow sobbed himself to sleep at night, and woke up sobbing in the morning.

Poor little Tom! he was weak and ill, and as he had never had a brother or sister he gave all the more affection to Buttons.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE QUARRY.

The days dragged wearily on, for him long days of pain and sorrow. There was scarcely an hour in which he did not think of his dear doggie.

Tom was sitting up in his bed one day, watching the carts pass along the road, and wondering where the different people were going, and what they were thinking of, some hurrying past and others dawdling, when the garden-gate clicked, and he saw little lame Susie limp slowly up the gravel-walk, carrying a large wicker cage with great difficulty. Mrs. Whitaker helping her, she managed to struggle up the narrow staircase with her burden, and, her pinched little face glowing with pleasure, she said,—

"I have brought you this blackbird. We heard you were kept in bed, and I thought he'd be a kind of a companion to you. Besides, now Jim's gone, there's no one to look after him. He's hung too high up for me to reach," she added, stretching out her tiny arm, and looking at it pitifully.

"Thank you very much indeed, Susie," said Tom. "How very kind of you to think of me!"

And Susie's face became radiant, for it was very seldom anybody spoke to her like that.

"I will take great care of him till Jim comes back," he went on; "but where has Jim gone?"

Here Susie's face became grave again, and with a troubled, anxious look, she said,—

"We don't know where he is; he's been away some time now. Why, it was the very same day you had your fall!"

Tom started, as if something had pricked him. But no; it was a bad thought, he must put it out of his head.

"Mother does take on so about Jim," Susie continued. "I know she cries a lot, because her eyes are always red now; and father—" here the child stopped. It was too painful to say more.

Tom could guess what she meant.

"Never mind, Susie," he said; "you must cheer up, and I dare say Jim will come back some day. Perhaps he has gone to make his fortune," he added, smiling.

But Susie only shook her head, and, drawing her shawl round her, she limped downstairs.

"You must come and see me again, Susie," cried Tom, as she turned to nod to him when she reached the garden gate.

Before the sound of her footsteps had died away there arose in Tom's mind a great conflict; "I *will* not, I *must* not, think it," he said to himself. "No! no! I am sure Jim never could have done that; he never would have taken Buttons away. It must have been the excursion-folks, as mother said. Oh, I must push the thought out of my mind! it is a bad, wicked thing to suspect any one, so I will not suspect poor Jim; at least, I will try not, and I won't say a word about it, not even to mother."

Then he fell to thinking of what the clergyman had told them!

how God gives each of us something to fight against; something to try our armor against; something to prove we really are soldiers of Christ.

"Now," thought Tom, "I must fight against this suspicion of Jim; I must drive it out of my mind; I must never think of it even."

And Tom tried hard to put the idea aside. We all know what it is to have some thought in our mind that we ought not to have, like a crooked pin, which has much more hold than a straight one, and jags and tears when we try to pull it out. Crooked thoughts are like pins, pricking us to remind us of their horrid presence, and poisoning our hearts.

The hedges had grown very tall and thick, and were covered with long branches of dog-roses and great clusters of blackberry blossoms, before Tom was allowed to come downstairs; and then he was only to sit for a bit in the garden.

That first getting out of doors was delicious. Tom stretched himself on the soft green grass under the shade of their apple-tree; he buried his face among the short, stubby daisies, and thought to himself that they never had smelt so sweet and fresh before; he lay on his back to count the little, smooth green balls, which would some day be apples, till his head grew dizzy; he watched the white clouds chase each other, and wondered if they would never catch each other, till his eyes ached; he began to feel he would be quite happy if—if he had Buttons; and he gave a great sigh. He began thinking how pleased Buttons would have been, and, "I think almost, he would have wagged his tail off with joy," he said to himself.

What a lovely afternoon it was! The bees kept humming slowly past him, as if they must be very heavily laden with honey; the birds were too drowsy to sing loudly, Tom thought. The little air there was seemed to waft such a hot scent of sweet flowers.

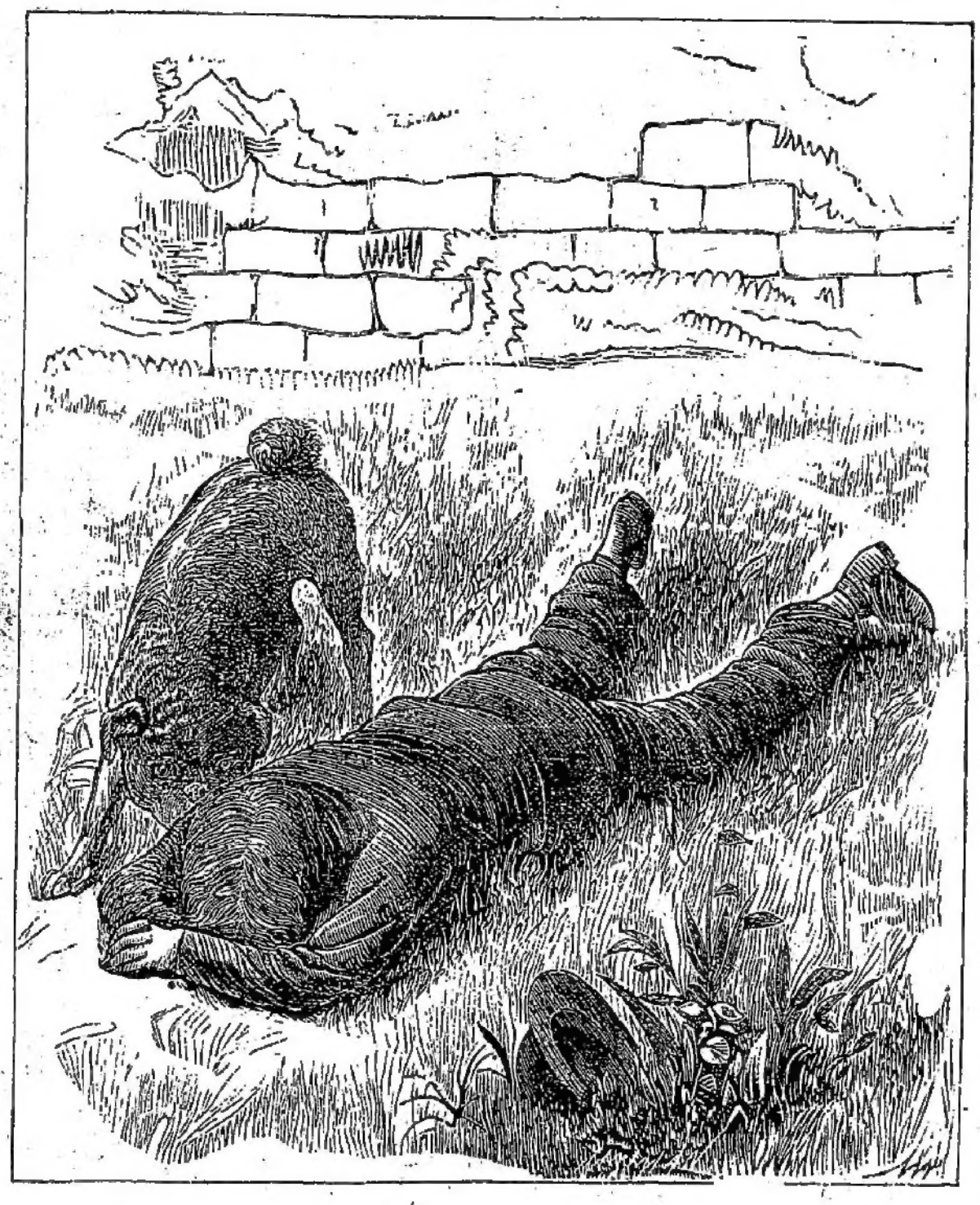
The bees humming, the birds singing, and the warm sun, seemed to be going further and further away from him; the apples ceased waving up and down; the clouds stopped racing; and Tom had fallen asleep.

What was it that made him start? Oh, no; it could be nothing—he was only dreaming he had Buttons back again: he fancied he felt his little, cold, crooked nose. Of course it was only a dream, so he turned over and pressed his face against the cool daisies. But no; there was the cold nose again, accompanied by a little pitter-patter of feet and tail-wagging.

The gate clicked, and Tom started up. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming; but it was all right—there was ugly little Buttons, rushing wildly over his master's body, licking his face and hands.

Tom could not speak for joy. He squeezed Buttons tightly in his arms, and I am sure Buttons did not mind how tight it was, or how much it hurt him.

(To be continued.)



WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Charlie was a Band-of-Hope boy. But some of his mates were not, and laughed and jeered at his badge. The next meeting he refused to wear it.

"Just for one hour, Charlie."

"No. Please, please don't make me!"

I let him go without it, but thought how sad it is that good boys are ashamed of goodness, and bad boys are proud of badness.

They think it manly to smoke and swear and say bad words, and by and by will drink; yet of the jeers of such boys, good boys are afraid!

Before the next meeting Charlie walked up to me.

"I shall wear my badge to-day."

I took it up.

'Pin it good and strong. I am going to wear it until I go to bed. There, now!"

As I pinned it he said:

"The fellows were tickled last time, I tell you. I'll show 'em this time I ain't to be dared by them. Well I guess not!"

He wore it until bed-time. As I took it off he said:

"There hasn't a fellow dared me to-day. You know Jim's always laughing at me. Just as quick as I got my badge on I went to him and said: 'You better go to the Band of Hope to-day.' He waited a minute, and said: 'Well, I will,' and Mrs. D— spoke to him, and smiled, and said she's glad to see him, and he says he's going to join it. And we went and asked his mamma, and she is just as glad as she can be."

"I am very glad you have dared to do right."

"Yes, I've found out how to stop 'em; show you ain't afraid of 'em—that's the way to do it."

"Yes, that's the way to do it."—*Temperance Banner.*

"NEVER-MIND" NELLIE.

There was once a little girl, whose name ought to have been "Never Mind," instead of Nellie. She slammed doors, and when people jumped, said, "Oh, never mind." Sh[illegible] leave the order for m[illegible] family had none [illegible] alt[illegible] pleas[illegible] mind, always t[illegible] thought sh[illegible] nice temper,s people's trou[illegible] and never wor[illegible] her own neglec[illegible]

One hot day wanted a cool dre[illegible] mother had been m[illegible] "It is not done. I'm[illegible] of it. Never mind; your old dress," sai[illegible] mother. At dinner was nothing Nellie She expected her mother to give her extra pie or sweetm[illegible] She said instead, "*Ne[illegible] mind; we* like this dinner. In the afternoon an invitation was left with the servant for Nellie to go to a "candy-pull" in the evening. The girl really forgot to give it, but about eight o'clock a neighbor's child came in to see why Nellie stayed home and missed all the fun.

"O mother," cried Nellie, "what a splendid time I have lost. O dear!"

"Never mind," said her mother carelessly.

Nellie did mind. She cried, and her mother took that time to show her how hard and selfish it had been in Nellie herself to tell people to "never mind," when by her "minding" they could have been spared trouble. We must "mind," if we want to have people love us; and when they get into trouble it is kinder to sympathize than to turn it off with easy rudeness.—*Child's Paper.*

INSTEAD of shut doors in liquor saloons on Sundays, the Massachusetts law now orders open windows all day long. All curtains, wooden screens, stained glass or ground glass doors must come down or stand aside, so that everybody can see what is goin within.—*Rochester Exponer*

The Family Circle.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ANNIE SHIPTON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. x. 35.

He was better to " my hopes,
He was be ears;
He made en works,
A
  -girt path,
  rest;
  vilderness

  sured store,
  ealed;
  my aching heart
  reath had healed.
as the chastening sore,
ught and tried,
he sought was trusting in

 on earth beside.

paths that I could not see,
that I have not known—
ced was straight, and the rough
ade plain,
ollowed the Lord alone.
him still for the pleasant palms,
he water-springs by the way;
glowing pillar of flame by night,
he sheltering cloud by day.

ght for me on the trackless wild,
wonders of old I trace,
e God of the whole earth went before
earch me a resting-place.
ge changed for me? Nay, he changes not;
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to the warfare he calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on;—
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer
For battles his sword hath won.
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blessed my hand to toil;
Faithful is he as he washes my feet
From the trace of each earthly soil.
Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.
Like the golden pot of the wilderness' bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod;
All safe in the Ark with the law of the Lord,
Is the covenant care of my God.

CELEBRATED BLACKSMITHS.

Quintin Matsys was a blacksmith at Antwerp. When in his twentieth year he wished to marry the daughter of a painter. The father refused his consent.

"Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith—never!"

"I will be a painter," said the young man. He applied to his new art with so much perseverance that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed, and rose ere long to a high rank in his profession. He died in 1529, and a monument was erected to his memory in the cathedral of his native city.

Some of Quintin Matsys' heads in a "Descent from the Cross," at Antwerp, are declared by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be equal to any of Raphael's. His "Two Misers," in the Windsor Gallery, is also much admired. The elegant steel-work over the tomb of King Edward IV., in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is attributed to the workmanship this celebrated man.

Hon. H. W. Pepper, a circuit judge, ee, was once a blacksmith, and by made with his own hands an iron shovel which he presented to the governor, the Hon. Andrew Johnson, since President of the United States. In return, Governor Johnson, who had been once a tailor, cut and made with his own hands a coat, and gave it to the judge.

A Royal Blacksmith.—It was the custom of Peter the Great to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage his people, but also to judge what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, ninety versts from Moscow. The Czar once passed a whole month there, during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of State—which he never neglected—he amused himself by seeing and examining everything in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well that one day before he left the place, he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood.

"Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller.

"Very well," replied the Czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas."

Muller brought eighteen ducats, and offering them to Peter, told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused the sum, saying—"Keep your ducats; I have not wrought better than any other man. Give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need."

At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying—"These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the great bars forged by Peter the Great and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

Rev. Samuel Marsden was born at Horsforth, near Leeds, toward the end of the last century, and, becoming an orphan at an early age, was taken by his grandfather, who was a blacksmith, to assist him in his employment. He was a thoughtful, lively, energetic youth, and adopted the habit of rising as early as four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to discharge his duties at the anvil, and gain leisure to attend school and study Latin. The school he attended was conducted by the Rev. Samuel Stones, of Rawdon, who took great interest in his village pupil, and was the means of procuring his admission to the university. While there, he gained such approval by the excellence of his conduct that he was selected by Government as chaplain to the colony of New South Wales, whither he went about the year 1797. He gave himself heartily to his work, and as a clergyman, magistrate and philanthropist, by his indefatigable labors in the colony, and his earnest representations to the Government at home, introduced moral and political changes of which the present generation are reaping the fruits. He was also the honored pioneer of missions to the savages of New Zealand, in the year 1814, and died in 1837, aged seventy-three.

Thomas Newcomen, a blacksmith of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, lived in the latter end of the seventeenth century, and the beginning of the eighteenth. To this worthy Devonshire blacksmith belongs the merit of having made the first great improvements in steam-engines, by forming a vacuum under the piston, thus bringing into action the atmospheric pressure.

A Yorkshire Blacksmith.—A clergyman, a friend of mine, says Robert Baker, was recently walking toward Wike, near Bradford, when he stopped at a blacksmith's shop and enquired the way to Wike. The blacksmith cheerfully left his work and directed the enquirer in the right way. Just as my friend was about to proceed, the blacksmith looked earnestly at him and said, "I think you are a clergyman—are you not, sir?" "Yes; why?" "Because I have been trying to learn the Greek grammar, sir, and I'm stuck fast with the verbs, and as you are a clergyman, I think you can help me." "I'll help you with pleasure," was the reply. The Greek grammar was brought, and the difficulty explained. "Thank you, sir, I think I shall now be able to get on," said this worthy son of the forge. The clergyman proceeded on his way toward Wike, and the blacksmith returned to his anvil, both well pleased with their brief interview.

Sammy Hick, the celebrated "village blacksmith," was born at Aberford, in the year 1758. He was deeply pious, and a remarkably benevolent man. On one occasion, when he visited an aged widow and gave her sixpence, she appeared very grateful, and the thought suggested itself, "Bless me, can sixpence make a poor creature happy? How many sixpences have I spent on this mouth of mine in feeding it with tobacco! I will give to the poor whatever I save from it." Sammy never smoked again. On another occasion, when a party of soldiers passing through Micklefield, on a forced march, in the height of summer, halted in the neighborhood of his cottage, he brought out for their refreshment the whole of the provisions his dairy and house could supply. When, on his good wife coming down to prepare breakfast she found that all had disappeared, and she chided him for giving "cream and all away"—"Bless thee, bairn," said he, "it would do them more good with the cream on."

Some of the officers, on hearing of his generosity, called upon him to remunerate him; but Sammy declined to receive anything, saying that what he had given he had given freely, and that the men were welcome to the whole. On the field of Waterloo, the generosity of the Micklefield blacksmith was remembered, and many wishes were expressed for a further supply of "Sammy Hick's good milk."

The latter part of his life, when he had an income sufficient to maintain his family, he spent in doing good, by visiting, and preaching Christ to the poor, so that many had to thank God for Sammy Hick, the pious blacksmith. He died in great peace, in the seventy-first year of his age

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8th, 1811. His father was a shoemaker, having ten children, of whom Elihu was the youngest. The only school education with which Elihu was favored, prior to being apprenticed to the village blacksmith, was about three months' tuition at the district school. Such, however, was his thirst for reading, that the few books which he could procure from the village library were read two or three times over. This desire for learning became so intense that on the completion of his apprenticeship he actually became a student for half a year with his brother Elijah, who was a schoolmaster.

During these six months he acquired considerable knowledge of mathematics, Latin and French. Gratified with the progress he had made, he returned to the forge, and notwithstanding he engaged himself to labor for fourteen hours a day, he yet found time to pursue his favorite study of the languages. The Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Danish and Bohemian languages were from time to time added to the list.

Governor Everett, hearing of the extraordinary talent of the young blacksmith, sent him an invitation to visit Boston. When he arrived there, many kind offers were made to him, and amongst others that he should enter Harvard College; but he courteously declined them all, and returned to his forge at Worcester, where he labored with his hands and his head even harder than ever. In 1842 he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic and Hebrew for the American Eclectic Review. During the winter of this year he delivered no fewer than sixty-eight lectures. In the spring of 1843 he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Whilst this worthy son of Vulcan was pondering over the pages of his Hebrew Bible, he was powerfully impressed with the declaration that God made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. Those dire curses, war and slavery, stood out in bold relief before his benevolent mind, and he took up his pen to advocate the cause of peace and the rights of the poor degraded slave. The former subject was very popular with his countrymen, but the idea of proclaiming liberty to the millions of poor American slaves was anything but palatable. In 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper—*The Christian Citizen*—which he devoted with great ability to the furtherance of religion, temperance, peace, the anti-slavery and ocean penny postage movements.

It is very remarkable that the worthy American blacksmith was spared to see the abolition of slavery in America, the appointment of a court of arbitration to settle the Alabama difference between America and England, and a cheap book postage adopted by nearly every civilized nation!—*British Workman.*

"AND HE AROSE AND WENT."

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

"Mother, how can I go? The mission school has just opened, and Mr. Long wishes me to take a class of little girls in it. Then Mrs. Long has gotten me appointed one of the Bible readers of the third district. I do so desire to labor for the Lord, and here is the work all laid out for me."

"Winnie, when you took Christ for your Saviour, was it with the expectation of doing his will or your own?"

"Why, his, of course; but surely it must be his will to do these works that his own disciples have planned for me. If Aunt Lucy were not a Christian, I might see some reason in going to her; but she is a real, true, good one, so I can't be called upon to convert her."

"Now, my dear, don't discuss the matter any longer, but let me show you a little light concerning the way in which you are to walk. In the first place, Mr. Long can find among the recently-converted young people of his congregation twenty who will gladly take your place in the mission school or as Bible readers, but there is no one who can take your place and go to Aunt Lucy. You are the only niece that she can possibly call upon at this time to be a companion to her in her loneliness and threatened illness. It is true that she has plenty of money and can hire all the 'help' she may need, yet none the less does she desire a patient, sympathizing companion to cheer and amuse her as no mere hireling can do."

"But, mother, just to 'amuse' somebody is so little when I might lead so many of the poor, wretched waifs of this great city to the Lord. I do dearly love auntie, but I know I love my Saviour far better."

"I guess I will have to let the Lord do the rest of the talking, Winnie; so open the Bible at the eighth chapter of the Acts, and read from the twenty-fifth verse through to the end of the chapter. Perhaps you will know better then what you had better do."

Winnie complied willingly, reading slowly the history of Philip's call and the eunuch's conversion; then in silence she waited until her mother should speak, more than half-suspecting the nature of the lesson she would teach.

Mrs. Gilmore did not break the silence for some moments; when she did, it was merely to say, "'And he arose and went,' without any demur, without any delay; enough for him that the Lord's finger pointed out the road which he was to travel, even though it led through a desert where there was no hope of seeing any one to whom he could preach the glad tidings which the disciples were so zealous to spread far and near."

Winnie made no reply, but reopening the Bible she read the story again even more slowly than before, pondering carefully every word. She then replaced the volume and left the room. When she returned she said quietly, "Mother dear, I've decided to visit Aunt Lucy. I will be ready the day after to-morrow. If God calls me to go into the 'desert,' he must have something there for me to do."

"You may be sure of his blessing, dear, whenever you lay aside your will to do his."

So in a few days Winnie Gilmore found herself settled in her aunt's luxurious home, ready to pass a quiet, uneventful winter. The pet of a fond aunt, and surrounded by everything a cultivated taste and an abundance of means could desire and obtain, she would have been perfectly happy if she could have found an answer to her oft-repeated question, "'Lord, why hast thou brought me to this place? What work hast thou for me to do?'"

The answer came one day in this wise: It was late in the afternoon; the clouds had been pouring down their treasured store of rain for the refreshment of the dry, hard ground all day; now, however, the sky was beginning to clear, and fresh from her shower-bath Dame Nature came forth radiantly beautiful. Mrs. Newcomb was just getting ready for a drive with Winnie when word came that she was wanted. "It's only a boy with eggs and butter, ma'am. He'll not be keeping you long, I think."

"Come down with me, Winnie, and see this Scot Walton. He is quite a character in his way."

They descended to the room where a bright looking boy of fifteen was waiting beside his baskets of fragrant butter-rolls and fresh white eggs. Winnie cared nothing for these, however, but could not help observing the eager haste with which the brown fingers were turning the leaves in a book upon Natural History that he found lying upon the table. After watching him for a few moments, she ventured to ask him if he were "fond of the science."

"Hey! it isn't so much what it's about, miss, as it's learning. I am that anxious to learn that I catch up a book just anywhere I come across one."

"Do you attend school?"

"Not often, now that there's nobody to look after the farm; but I read lots, and so get on some."

"Would you like to read that book? If so, you may take it, and return it when you come with something for my aunt."

"Oh, that I would, and I do thank you, miss, just ever so much."

This was the beginning. Before Scot came again Winnie had collected a large number of books, a few from her own, some from her aunt's store, and two or three from the rather meagre supply in the so-called "bookstore" of the small town in the suburbs of which her aunt's house stood. Her aunt increased rather than lessened her interest in the boy, and between them they devised many a plan for his benefit. Scot's amazement was almost amusing when he came to the house next time.

Winnie, throwing aside her natural timidity, questioned him extensively concerning his ambitions and aspirations. These she found to be of no mean order. "He must and would go to college, if he didn't see the inside of the walls till he was forty years old. He'd amount to something in the world, if he didn't get at it until he was sixty." Winnie fairly held her breath, he was so vehement.

"If I'd only some knowledge of Latin and had gotten along a little further in my algebra, I could be ready right soon. I'm trying to teach myself these two, but I blunder dreadfully, yet I tell you I'll stick her through. I've a trifle of farm stock, and mother's saving up some too, and I can teach and work odd times; so, take it altogether, I'll not fail, I'm sure."

"Oh but, Scot, if you wouldn't mind, I will be here all winter, and I would help you with both those studies. I only finished myself this spring; so, you see, I have it all fresh, and I'd be so glad."

"Miss Winnie, God must have sent you right to me, for there wasn't a bit of a way open for me to get any more teaching for two years, till we've paid off the mortgage on the farm or lose the whole of it; and then I don't know as we could have gotten together the means to pay for schooling without taking the things I'm saving to help me through college with."

"I hardly dare hope so, Scot, but I know I shall like to help you."

But Winnie did not confine her labor to teaching alone. When she found with what a high order of intellect this young boy was endowed, she did not rest until she had persuaded him to consecrate it all to the service and blessed work of that God who had given it to him; and when, several years after, she heard of his marvellous success in bringing souls to Christ, she felt that the Lord had indeed called her to spend that long winter with Aunt Lucy, and had given her a blessed work to do there for him. Never again did she doubt or delay when the Master called her to do what at the time seemed as diametrically opposed to her own plan for laboring in his cause. Unwavering, unquestioning was her obedience to his commands. Like Philip, she "arose and went;" like Philip, she reaped an abundant harvest for the Lord wherever she sowed the blessed seed, whether in the desert or in fruitful fields white with the ripening grain.—*Illus. Christ. Weekly.*

PILOT-BOAT NO. 3!

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"There she is down at the pier now! They have brought her round from the dock, and she'll be off soon, I know. Dear me, why don't mother hurry?"

Here Tom, who was looking out of the window, nervously stood on his toes, see-sawing up and down, till unconsciously he stepped on the cat's tail, and then she began to see-saw with her musical voice:

"Me-ow-ow!"

"Scat there! Always in the way. Out of doors with you!"

"Tom, Tom, what is the matter? You are getting nervous;" and Mrs. Marden gave him one of her "double smiles," as Tom called them, with mouth and eyes, and a cheery, motherly smile it was.

"But, mother, are you not going to have prayers? 'No. Three' will go, and go without me." Tom's voice was sharp with the spirit of complaint. "Bill and Bob Timmins don't have to wait for prayers and will be ahead of me," he thought.

"Tom," she said mildly, "you know I mean to give you time enough always to get down to the boat. Hand me the Bible, please."

Was there not reason why Mrs. Marden should have prayers? There was her husband away off on a long East Indian voyage. Fred was a hardy young fisherman, off every morning by three and a-half; and here was Tom, all energy and fire, a boy on board pilot-boat "Number Three." You could tell her a long way off by the huge black three she carried on her sail. That was her number among the pilot-boats that daily skimmed like petrels the waters off the harbor's mouth.

Mrs. Marden bowed in prayer that morning. How that mother did plead before God for the soul far away at sea, and for those who every day left their home for the treacherous ocean.

"May the birds all be in their nests when night comes, dear Father," was her plea.

Tom felt ashamed of himself after this pleading. "I am a booby," he thought.

Down at the wharf of the pilot-boat was Capt. Luffkin. He had a voice like a trumpet, a face round as a compass and brown as a down-east pancake. He was the master of Number Three, as good a pilot as ever roared on a quarter-deck.

"Ho, Tom!" he shouted, "you are in good season. Wonder where Bill and Bob Timmins are? Ha, there they are, the lazy dogs! quarter of a mile off."

Having finished his growl, Capt. Luffkin stepped aboard "No. Three."

Everybody on board, the ropes cast off, the canvas all spread, how "No. Three" did fly before the wind! She went quicker than a chip before a mill-stream.

"Ho!" said Tommy, rubbing his hands. "Isn't this nice! What a spanking breeze!"

The clouds were out—a fleet of them—all sailing away, and down on the harbor yacht after yacht went shooting off, their long slender masts leaning over, their canvas swollen, and the water splashing and breaking into foam around their bows.

"No. Three" had passed the islands, the fort at the harbor's mouth, and also the tall white lighthouse tower lifted like a finger of warning from the extremity of a rocky island.

Tom was forward. What made him start? Looking off, he saw a hand lifted from the water! Then amid the waves, like the white flower of a lily, coming to the surface, he saw a pale, ghostly face!

"Man overboard there, skipper!"

"Starboard your helm!" shouted the Captain to the man steering.

"No. Three" obeyed her helm, swung round, and, heaving to, the man was picked up.

"Why, why," stammered Tom, "it's my brother Fred!"

"Take him into the cabin!" shouted the skipper.

When the exhausted Fred had revived and could tell his story, he said: "Tom, I have had a scrape, I tell you. I was off here pretty early, and it was misty, and a steamer ran my boat down. I thought I was gone sure, but, somehow, I came up, and have been floating round on that empty water-cask of mine. And do you know what kept me up, Tom?"

"No, Fred."

"Well, the thought that mother would be particular to have morning prayers, and if I could hold out till she began to pray, I knew I was all right."

Tom was now more ashamed than ever.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ELEMENTS OF HOPE.

Let us for a moment ask what the word "hope," used by St. Paul, means properly speaking. The word "hope," used in its proper sense, contains within itself two essential elements, and expresses the combination of two distinct facts of consciousness—desire and expectation. If the hope be real hope, there must be actual desire, on the part of the person who indulges the hope, for that on which the hope centres itself. Similarly, if the hope be a real hope which is cherished, there must not be only actual desire, but also there must be some reasonable expectation on the part of the person who indulges in the hope that the particular thing in question may be actually obtained; otherwise you may call the thing by the name of hope if you will, but it does not deserve the title, and so to employ the term is simply an abuse of language, a misuse of the word.

For example, let us say there is a pauper dying in your union infirmary, dying of some miserable and irksome disease. He seems to be dying in utter poverty and want. Now, if that man were to tell you that he hopes to be worth a million of money before he dies, you would regard it as a mental delusion, a sign of insanity. You would ask, What right has he to indulge such an expectation? Perhaps you would begin to catechize him about his hope—"Here you are dying in a workhouse, you have not one farthing you can call your own; on what ground do you base your expectation? Have you any rich relatives?" "No, all my friends are poor." "Have you any rich acquaintances? Do any wealthy persons take an interest in you? Are there any who are likely to leave you money?" "No I never knew such a person in my life. I do not know a rich man in the world." "Well, in the name of reason, then, what right have you to indulge the hope that before you pass from this life you will be worth a million of money?" So, perhaps, you would speak, endeavoring to disabuse the man of his vain hope, and yet some of you would, perhaps, after so doing, go home to your comfortable houses, and lay your heads down on your comfortable pillows, uncertain of what might take place in the night, with the possibility of awaking in another world present to your mind, and yet calmed with the hope that all will be well with you at last. If examined about your reasons for the hope that you will be an inheritor of Christ's kingdom and glory, you would be no more able to justify your hope than the pauper could justify his.—*Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, in Word and Work.*

FATE OF AN OLD COMPANION OF NAPOLEON III.

L'Independant, published at Boulogne, gives some interesting details about a personage that played an important role in the history of the last emperor of the French, and has not had much cause to be proud of the gratitude of his patron. This personage was the famous tame eagle that accompanied Prince Louis in his ridiculous expedition to Boulogne, and which was taught to swoop down upon the head of the pretender—a glorious omen to those who did not know that the attraction was a piece of salted pork! This unfortunate eagle was captured at the same time as his master, but while the latter was shut up at Ham, the eagle was sent to the slaughter-house at Boulogne, where he lived many years—an improvement in his fate, says *L'Independant*, since his diet of salt pork was replaced by one of fresh meat. In 1855, Napoleon III. went to Boulogne to review the troops destined for the Crimea and to receive the queen of England. While there some one in his suite spoke to him of this bird, telling him that it was alive and where it was to be found. But the emperor refused to see his old companion, or even grant him a life-pension in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. The old eagle ended his days in the slaughter-house, and to-day he figures, artistically taxidermatized, in one of the glass cases of the museum of Boulogne—immortal as his master, despite the reverses of fortune.

TEMPTATION.

Unless the ploughshare cut the earth,
But scanty crops will grow;
Unless the sharp knife prune the vine,
Grapes make no goodly show.

Unless temptation try the soul,
Its strength is little worth;
Unless some troubles o'er it roll,
It clings too much to earth.

Question Corner.—No. 5.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. What Jew born at Alexandria was said to be an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures?
50. What plant was used to sprinkle the doors of the Israelites in Egypt with the blood of the Paschal Lamb?
51. Of what plant was the pottage made for which Esau sold his [illegible] right?
52. To the seed of what [illegible] compare the kingdom
53. What plant is symbolic[illegible] ity and sorrow?
54. To what animal did Jac[illegible] son Judah?
55. What animals were s[illegible] the Philistines when [illegible] Covenant was in th[illegible]
56. To what animal was [illegible] man in David's arm[illegible] who was this man?
57. What animal is spoken of [illegible] typical of Christ's patience, [illegible] usefulness and exposure to [illegible] and enemies?
58. To what reptile is wine compared in Bible?
59. What insects were the Israelites permitted to use for food?
60. Who was stricken dead for steadying the Ark of the Covenant?

BIBLICAL-ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Add the number of feet in the length, breadth and height of Noah's Ark; divide the sum by the number of years Absalom dwelt at Jerusalem and saw not his father; subtract from this the number of years of the life of the father of Abraham; add the number of years Isaiah walked barefoot; and the number of years the famine was in Egypt in Joseph's time, and you will have the years of the life of Amram the father of Moses.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

25. The Book.
26. In Hebrew.
27. Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Esther, Nehemiah, Ezra.
28. Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.
29. *Greater*: Isaiah, Jeremiah, (Lamentations), Ezekiel, Daniel. *Lesser*: Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.
30. The most ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament which has come down to us. It was translated about two hundred years before Christ.
31. Alfred the Great.
32. Pison and Gihon, Gen. ii. 11, 13.
33. The Nile (the river of Egypt), Gen. xv. 18.
34. Solomon, 1 Kings x. 27.
35. Elah, 1 Kings xvi. 8, 10.
36. It was built by Omri, who named it after Shemer, from whom he bought the site, 1 Kings xvi. 24.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Gaza; 2, Enon; 3, Tanus; 4, Hor; 5, Sinai; 6, Emmaus; 7, Moriah; 8, Ararat; 9, Nebo; 10, Ebal.—Gethsemane.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Libbie Hawkins, 12 ac; Edward S. Craig, 12 ac; Alma McCulloch, 12 ac; Fred W. Pirritte, 12 ac; Clara Luck, 12 ac; George Bott, 12 ac; Samuel E. Facey, 12; Willie S. Morrison, 12; Edward Phoenix, 12; Arthur Hicks, 12, Robert Murkar, 12; John W. Jewitt, 12; Helen Nicholson, 12; Mary Jane Brown, 12; Jane Elizabeth Pope, 12; Agnes McDonald, 11 ac; Thomas Telfer, 11; Alexandra Dickies, 10 ac; Sarah Fowley, 9; Sarah Elizabeth Colhoun, 9; Edwin Brooks, 8; Florence A. McDougal, 8; Lizzie Taylor, 8; Thomas Buffam, 7; Mary C. Smith, 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON X.

MARCH 6.] [About 27 A.D.

THE WITNESS OF JESUS TO JOHN.

Luke 7: 19-28.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 22, 23.

19. And John calling unto him two of his disciples sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?

20. When the men were come unto him, they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come or look we for another?

21. And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight.

22. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.

23. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.

24. And when the messengers of John were departed, he began to speak unto the people concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?

25. But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kin[illegible]

t ye out for to see? A prophet? you, and much more than a

whom it is written, Behold, I r before thy face, which shall efore thee.

you. Among those that are e is not a greater prophet st: but he that is least in the reater than he.

DEN TEXT.

ng and a shining light.—

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Baptist like the prophets prepares he way for Christ.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Soon after the events Lesson IX., Jesus called Levi (the same is atthew) from the office of publican to be his sciple: then among the other events occurred he following: Plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath day; Healing the man with the withered and; Choice of the twelve Apostles; Sermon on the Mount; Healing the centurion's servant; Raising to life the widow of Nain's son; this miracle greatly extended the name and fame of Jesus; and John's disciples brought word to that prisoner, who at once dispatched two of them to Jesus, an account of which our lesson furnishes.

REVIEW QUESTIONS—What two miracles in the last lesson?—Title?—Golden Text?—Persons and classes mentioned?—Places?—Dates?—Doings?—Effect on Jews?—On the people?—What Christian grace does Jesus recommend?—Do you possess it?

NOTES.—JOHN BAPTIST, see preceding lessons.—WILDERNESS, a wild, rocky, rugged, and uninhabited district of Judea.—REEDS, a tender rush-like plant or stalk.—PROPHET, a teacher, one who foretells, applied to inspired men of the Bible.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JESUS AND JOHN. (II.) JESUS AND THE PEOPLE.

I. JESUS AND JOHN.—(19-23.) JOHN CALLING, his friends had free access to him while in prison; ART THOU HE, John doubtless was struggling with discouragements, and perhaps doubts, certainly with perplexities and trials, see "Lange" on Matt.; SAME HOUR, John's messengers found Jesus in the midst of a multitude, teaching and healing; TELL JOHN, John is taught the truth; SEEN AND HEARD, fulfilling the prophecy concerning Christ which John believed, and hence a sufficient answer; OFFENDER, literally, "made to stumble."

II. JESUS AND THE PEOPLE.—(24-28.) CONCERNING JOHN. "Jesus hastens to restore the authority of John which his embassy had endangered," Lange; REED SHAKEN, John will not waver, though he seemed to do so; SOFT RAIMENT, not such was John's raiment; KINGS' COURTS, John was not the lackey of a king to be swayed by a king's whims.

LESSON XI.

MARCH. 13.] [About 27. A. D.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Luke 7: 36-50.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 44-47.

36. And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

38. And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

39. Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.

40. And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

41. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

42. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?

43. Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

44. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.

49. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

50. And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.—Luke 7: 48.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ can save sinners.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The woes upon Bethsaida and Chorazin, and Capernaum, Matt. 11: 20-24, were doubtless uttered at this time, after which a Pharisee named Simon invited Jesus to dine with him, and while at meat in Simon's house the incidents narrated in our lesson occur.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—Who was in prison?—What troubled John?—What course did he take to satisfy his doubts?—Where was Jesus found?—His answer?—Why satisfactory?—Whom then did Jesus address?—John compared with others?—Who greater than John?

NOTES.—PHARISEE, see "Notes" on Lesson 9.—SAT DOWN, the custom was to recline while eating, resting the body on the left arm, thus leaving the feet exposed and easy of access.—A WOMAN, name not given; not one of this class mentioned by Jesus is identified by name.—THE CITY, a place in Galilee unknown.—ALABASTER BOX, "a very fine, mostly white species of gypsum, but not so hard as marble," Lange.—OINTMENT, oil made from spices used as a cosmetic, and here costly.—KISSED HIS FEET, a custom displaying a very especial reverence.—SIMON, all is known of him is related in this lesson.—CREDITOR—DEBTOR, nearly everybody was in debt and few could pay; the prisons were full of insolvent debtors.—PENCE, a penny was a Roman silver coin called "denarius," valued at about 16 cents, our money.—NO WATER, Simon had neglected this custom in the case of Jesus.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE WOMAN. (II.) THE PHARISEE. (III.) THE SAVIOUR.

I. THE WOMAN.—(36-39.) KISSED, literally "continued kissing his feet tenderly"; HIS FEET, unsandaled; BEHIND HIM, the couch on which he reclined; WEEPING, tears of penitence and contrition, she felt herself to be a sinner; NOW, Simon had been observing; WITHIN HIMSELF, here he thought was sufficient ground to show that Jesus was no prophet.

II. THE PHARISEE.—(40-46.) JESUS ANSWERING, Simon's thought. He not only knew all about the woman but he could read Simon's heart; MASTER, respectful address; A CERTAIN CREDITOR, the Lord is depicting himself; TWO DEBTORS, the woman and Simon; ONE, the woman; 500 PENCE, nearly $80; THE OTHER, Simon; FIFTY, about $8; NOTHING TO PAY, every sinner's condition; FRANKLY, freely; FORGAVE, all need forgiveness; I SUPPOSE, not knowing he was condemning himself; TURNED, partly rising; I ENTERED, Simon had invited Jesus as a favor to Jesus and not to himself; NO KISS ..... NO WATER ..... NO OIL, all the customary civilities had been omitted, Jesus had not been treated as an invited guest; THIS WOMAN, her example was a reproof to the Pharisee; OINTMENT, see Notes.

III. THE SAVIOUR.—(47-50.) HER SINS, were many and the Saviour did not deny it; FORGIVEN, "the vilest sinner may return"; LITTLE, Simon did not look upon himself as needing much, if any, forgiveness; THEY, other Pharisees; WHO IS THIS, just as in ch. 5: 21; THE WOMAN, now a sinner forgiven; GO IN PEACE, so Jesus says to all seeking penitents.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—Where in this lesson are we taught:—(1.) That God is no respecter of persons? (2.) That great sinners may come to Jesus? (3.) That Jesus knows the thoughts of our hearts? (4.) That Faith alone can save?

FAITH BRINGS **P**ARDON. **P**URITY. **P**EACE.

LESSON XII.

MAR. 20.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The dayspring from on high hath visited us.—Luke 1: 78.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God with us.

PLAN:

TELL ALL
TRY TO REPEAT
TREASURE UP
THINK OF
TRUST IN

THE

TITLES.
TEXTS.
TRUTHS.
TEACHINGS.
TEACHER.

REVIEW TOPICS.

Lessons 1, 2, 3, I. BEFORE CHRIST'S BIRTH.
" 4, 5, 6, II. HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.
" 7, 10, III. CHRIST AND THE BAPTIST.
" 8, 9, 11, IV. THE DIVINE BLESSER.

QUESTIONS.

BEFORE CHRIST'S BIRTH.—From what book are the quarter's lessons taken? How many chapters covered? Author of the Gospel? Facts concerning Luke? Two blameless persons in Lesson 1? Who appeared to Zacharias? Who was Zacharias? What announcement was made to him? Who was Elizabeth's cousin? Title of lesson? What is this song called? Where was Mary? The first line of her song? Title of Lesson 3? What other lesson mentions Zacharias? Of whom did he prophesy? Who else? How many persons mentioned in these three lessons?

II.—HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.—Where was Jesus born? To whom was his birth first announced? By whom? At what hour? What made it light? Words of the angel? How were the shepherds to tell the Christ? Who suddenly appeared? Their song? Did the angels go? After they had found Jesus what did they do? Why was Jesus in a manger? Have you room for him? How old was Jesus when taken to the temple? What rite was performed at that time? What man saw Jesus in the temple? What kind of man was Simeon? What had he been waiting for? What had been revealed to him? What did he do with Jesus? Where did Jesus spend his boyhood? At what age did he visit Jerusalem? Who with? On what occasion? What happened to him? How long did his parents seek for him? Where found? What doing? Did he go with his parents? What is said about the boy Jesus?

III.—CHRIST AND THE BAPTIST.—Which lessons are about Jesus and John? Who was the mother of John? Of Jesus? Relation of the two mothers? What kind of a man was John? How much older than Jesus? What was John's mission? Where did he dwell? His food? His raiment? Where did he preach and baptize? What three classes came to John for advice? Whom did some of the people take John to be? How did he compare himself with Jesus? Who imprisoned John? For what? What message did he send to Jesus while in prison? By whom? Jesus' answer? Jesus' testimony concerning John? Whom did Christ say was greater than John?

IV.—THE DIVINE BLESSER.—Title of Lesson 8? Lesson 9? Lesson 11? Where was Christ's early home? What was his custom there? When he visited Nazareth what did he do on the Sabbath day? What book was handed him? What chapter and verse did he read? How did his words affect the people? Why did they try to kill him? What two remarkable cures does Lesson 9 record? How did Jesus manifest his sympathy for the leper? How was the paralytic brought to Jesus? What difficulties were overcome? What did the Jews complain of? What was Jesus' reply? Who invited Jesus to dine with him? Who came unbidden to the feast? What did she do to Jesus? What did Simon think about her actions? How did Jesus rebuke Simon? What did he say to the women?

PERSONS AND PLACES.

State a fact mentioned in the lessons:

I. CONCERNING THE FOLLOWING PERSONS:

AARON, ELIAS, JOHN, MOSES, ABRAHAM, ESAIAS, JOSEPH, SIMEON, ELISABETH, HEROD, MARY, SIMON, ZACHARIAS.

II. CONCERNING THE FOLLOWING CLASSES:

ANGELS, DEBTORS, PHARISEES, PRIESTS, DOCTORS, GENTILES, PUBLICANS, SHEPHERDS DISCIPLES, LEPERS, PROPHETS, SCRIBES, SOLDIERS.

III. CONCERNING THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

BETHLEHEM, JUDEA, JERUSALEM GALILEE, NAZARETH.

Blameless People....1
Blessed Mary's Song 2
Blessing of Zacharias..3
Birth of Jesus.....4
Babe in the Temple.5
Boyhood of Jesus....6
Baptist's Preaching.7
Blindness of Nazarines.8
Brought to Jesus....9
Bearing witness of John 10
Blessing a Sinner.....11

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